Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

This staggering around the circle is called dancing
852 535 but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

853 304 At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aunt, and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kŏklé* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kŏklé* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kŏklé* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kŏklé* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on